

THE ENTERPRISE

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Osculation is apt to make a hit with a miss.

An ugly temper often gets a man into a pretty mess.

Every cloud has its silver lining. Even the State prison has its outside.

There is nothing equal to a good opera for sharpening the feminine appetite.

The love of the mosquito for a bare arm is surpassed only by the love of the fly for a bald head.

In the agriculture of the future irrigation will be a leading feature, and the comprehensive study of the subject should begin now.

The American circus continues to penetrate the wilds of Europe and create endless talk and sensation. Later on we may send them the tireless merry-go-round and the rollicking roller coaster.

Some rich American is buying up the big diamonds that were intended to be given to King Edward as coronation gifts. It has come to be a lucky day for John Bull when he doesn't get up against the Yankee terror in one form or another.

Half a century ago a thin stream of Niagara Falls was first led aside to turn a grist mill. To-day a larger stream, which diminishes seriously the amount of water that passes over the fall, furnishes almost half a million horse-power. Father Hennepin was doubtless the first white man to see the mighty cataract. What Father Time will yet behold there passes all computation.

Speaking of the summer and winter journeys wealthy people make to various "resorts" here and abroad, a shrewd observer of city life remarks that "the finer the house on the avenue, the less it is occupied." In so far as that is true, it is to be regretted. At every season, in some favored region, nature spreads a fairer roof than ever architect devised; but we may leave paradise behind us when we set out to find a better place than home.

Whatever benefits come from the possession of millions, privacy, which is after all one of the most desirable possessions, is almost completely denied to the millionaire. It may readily be imagined that the great financiers who had the bad luck to return from Europe by the same steamer would have given some of their surplus millions for the privilege of traveling quietly, free from prying curiosity. No really practical measure of relief has been suggested. To travel incognito would appear an unwarranted assumption of the habits of royalty, but it is conceivable that the very wealthy may yet be driven to such a shift.

At the beginning of the new fiscal year the pneumatic tubes which have been employed in the postal service of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston went out of operation, and the mail-wagon has taken their place. This looks like a step backward. It is probably only temporary. Congress seems to have refused to continue the appropriation solely on account of its unwillingness to foster a private monopoly. Doubtless a pneumatic tube service built and owned by the government will yet be established and maintained in all large cities, although several ingenious rival contrivances for doing the same work deserve consideration before a final decision is made.

The busy bee at best gets a day off about as seldom as a country boy in haying-time, but the modern apiarist has contrived to make her even more industrious than she is when left to herself. The orchards of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys blossom some months before the southern sage-brush. The bee-farmer, therefore, carts his bees about from place to place as the seasons advance, and thus by keeping them busy 9 months of the year, gets 3 crops of honey. The difficulty of moving bees during their active season is overcome by traveling at night. As the bees help to pollinate the flowers and thus produce superior fruit, the owners of the orchards regard them with favor. In results the plan is even better than that of the enterprising farmer who crossed his bees with fire-flies so that they could work nights.

The Englishman who dares to be a bigamist fares much better when he has a seat in the House of Lords than when he is a commoner. Earl Russell was tried by a jury of his peers and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. That kind of an offender does not get in English prisons either first-class food or lodging. But if a judge instead of the House of Lords had tried him he would have had a severer sentence. Earl Russell pleaded guilty. His counsel explained that the Earl and the woman with whom he contracted the bigamous alliance had acted on the best legal advice obtainable in Nevada, where he got his divorce, and did not know they were doing wrong. It was thought, before the trial, that the question of the validity in England of a Nevada divorce would be raised. The adult portion of the 42,335 inhabitants of that sovereign State was waiting impatiently to learn whether the decrees of its courts were to be treated as a nullity by the insolent aristocrats of

Britain. Had this been done there would have been a casus belli between Nevada and Great Britain, but the Earl would not raise the question. A Chicago bigamist got out of his scrape by buying off his lawful wife with \$500. Perhaps if Earl Russell had been more liberal with his English wife he would not have had to go to jail.

A rich farmer who died recently in Erie County, Pennsylvania, provided in his will for the foundation and maintenance of a library at a crossroads, remote from any village. The building which will shelter it is designed to serve many other intellectual and social uses. It will contain a kitchen, reception-room and a hall that may be utilized for lectures, entertainments and religious gatherings. This action is hailed by the Independent as indicating the growth of a belief that wealth which has been accumulated in the country should be used for the benefit of the country. Our grandfathers felt this more strongly, perhaps, than our fathers did, or than we have. Rich farmers and poor farmers, too-bored manful parts in establishing the older colleges. When they could not give money they gave labor, realizing, doubtless, that the first students at these colleges would be the lads from the farms. The farmer of that earlier day never dreamed that, because he was "twelve miles from a lemon," he must forego intellectual stimulus and social recreation. But the movement toward the cities and toward the West affected seriously many little neighborhoods which had been centers of wholesome and vigorous life. Pending the readjustment to changed conditions in the East, and the success of the first pitched battle with nature in the West, it seemed that the farmer must needs be a man of one idea—to "hold on." The general demand for rural free delivery showed that the evil days are over for both sections. The farmer knows where he stands. He has leisure to renew relations with the world, and he means to do so. The will of the Pennsylvanian suggests the spirit in which to meet the reasonable demands of the people in the "outlying regions." If the farmer cannot go to the library, take the library to him.

Frank S. Willard, who makes his basing point for fame on the fact that he is related to "the" Miss Willard, is in London, and announces that he will establish a coronet exchange, where American helmsmen can swap their Yankee dollars for husbands who have no money but are blessed with titles. Why not? There has never been much love in these foreign marriages. The woman who has an insane desire to become the wife of a tarnished duke or lord seldom develops affection for anything more exalted than a perfumed pug dog. Why keep up the old "they-are-devoted-to-each-other" fiction? It isn't love; it is ambition, and an unworthy ambition, from an American standpoint. Make a trade matter of it. The men with the titles should be willing. Some of them scarcely know where their next meal is coming from. A depot where blue blood and poverty can be turned into an income, even with the incumbrance of a silly woman should fill a long-felt want on both sides of the Atlantic. And always there will be left the real love that makes marriage a thing divine. It is the beacon light in the cottage. It draws manly men and glorious women together. It is far and apart from any business arrangement. It is the great secret that proves to one man that a plain woman is beautiful; that teaches a woman how to find noble qualities in the most ordinary man. Money never plays a great part in such marriages. If wealth comes there is the joy of sharing it with loved ones. If wealth departs, love is still left, and often grows strongest when adversity knocks at the door of the home. Make marriages of conveniences and ambition commercial affairs. Let them stand for what they really are. Keep them separate and distinct from affairs of the heart. The right kind of marriage makes a man more tender, true, loving, charitable and kind. It develops the good citizen. It means to the good woman even more. It is her career. It rounds out her life. It develops all her good impulses and makes of her a companion, friend and sweet-heart—truly a glorious trinity. It is good to know that of the millions of women who are to be the wives and mothers of the next generation only a few will ever be found at the bargain counter for cheap titles in the world's greatest city.

They Had a Lively Time.
James Stillman, the millionaire banker, has the reputation of being a very close-mouthed man. Mr. Stillman is the owner of a yacht, and one day he asked Frederick D. Tappen, of the Gallatin National bank, to go out with him on a cruise. When Mr. Tappen returned, a friend asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh," said Mr. Tappen, "we had a very lively time. We were out five days and Stillman spoke to me twice."—New York Times.

A Superabundance of Intellect.
"Has your country any really great thinkers?" asked the tourist skeptically.
"Too many of 'em," answered the Kansas agriculturist. "Every once in a while we run across a man that's masquerading as a farm hand, but who doesn't want to do a thing but think."—Washington Star.

Chinese Country Roads.
Country roads in China are never bounded by fences, but are entirely undefined.
A watch may be cleaned by soaking it in a cup of kerosene—but that is not the way a watch is usually soaked.

Topics of the Times

Nazareth has now its telegraph office, where an Armenian operator in ordinary European dress keeps the village community in touch with the great world.

In 1899 the public high schools of the United States graduated 29,344 boys and 36,124 girls. The explanation is offered that the boys are taken from school earlier than the girls and put to work.

So many complaints are made of the breakage of fragile articles sent through the mails that the postal authorities have issued a warning to the public to use more care in preparing packages.

A Seattle firm made a bid for the construction of one of the vessels for the navy, but its figures were \$100,000 too high. Without delay the citizens subscribed an amount sufficient to make up the estimated loss to the shipbuilding firm and enabled it to secure the contract.

While there is a strong movement in Ireland for the revival of the ancient language, it is different in Wales. A poll taken at Cardiff on the question whether children in the board schools should be taught the Welsh language has resulted in a majority of 670 votes against it.

Considering the vast amount of marine trade nowadays it is remarkable that the sailing ship Afghanistan concluded a seven month's voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool without having been spoken by another vessel. Not a word was heard of her from her departure till she sailed up the Mersey.

Heretofore tramp steamers have monopolized the trade between New York and Oriental ports, but now a line of passenger and freight vessels is to be established. Eight steamships of 8,000 tons each are now nearing completion on the Clyde, and will trade between New York and India by way of Cape Town.

According to the latest report of the United States Commissioner of Education the average salary for supervising and teaching in public schools is in Boston \$1,065.77, in Chicago \$892.03, San Francisco \$879.27, Cincinnati \$868.51, Denver \$834.42, New York \$812.25, Washington \$754.96, Pittsburgh \$703.72, Philadelphia \$698.02.

A folder issued by a southern railway shows that at the end of 1900 there were 495 textile mills along the lines of its system, being a gain of 94 mills with 22,185 looms and 1,137,590 spindles during the year. Of these mills 66 are in Georgia, 33 in Alabama, 159 in North Carolina and 102 in South Carolina, the other being in Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Virginia.

Charlestown, S. C., enlists the co-operation of a colony of buzzards in the scavenging of the town. In order to insure that the birds are allowed to continue their humane work unmolested a fine of \$5 is imposed for killing or permanently disabling any member of this active auxiliary scavenging department. Their favorite resort is the old market house on Meeting street.

The Cheshire National bank of Keene, N. H., has put in a sterilizing oven in which all the money handled by the bank is to be sterilized. The oven is made of galvanized iron and lined with asbestos, and is heated by means of a Bunsen gas burner. A thermometer is provided to show the interior temperature at all times. Bills will be sterilized by heating to a temperature of 300 degrees.

In St. Louis, where street car transfers are good only within an hour of the time of their issuance, an ordinance has been introduced in councils to compel the companies to place a clock in every car. The companies make no allowance for mistakes of the conductors in punching the time on the transfers and the object of the proposed legislation is to enable passengers to call the conductors to account when they err.

Captain Auguste Vautier of the Swiss army has invented a remarkable camera, by means of which views at a distance of 60 to 80 miles can be taken. It is with this machine that the Alps en masse will be photographed, and it is confidently expected that views hitherto unobtainable will now be brought within the photographer's reach. Recently a splendid photograph was taken of the Santis from Mauborg, a feat never before accomplished.

The Zoarites, whose colony near Canal Dover, Ohio, was disrupted two years ago by the Americanizing of its young blood, will establish a new home somewhere in the Northwest. The division of property has been completed and seventy members will enter into the new scheme. Each of the 136 Zoarites received about \$5,000. The new community will be established as far from civilization as possible and each member must take a life oath of communion. Children born must take the oath when they reach the age of 21 if they are to remain in the colony.

OLEVER TRICK OF SWINDLERS.

Patient of a Paris Doctor Proves to Be a Thief.

Anything but enviable are the feelings of a worthy doctor, writes a Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, settled in a very fashionable district of this city who, after attempting the cure of a young woman professedly afflicted with kleptomania, has himself fallen a victim to a clever but utterly unscrupulous trick. About a week ago he was sitting in his consulting-room when the bell rang and presently a man

of gentlemanly appearance and a lady of mature age, accompanied by a pretty and fascinating girl, were ushered in. The male visitor introduced himself as a marquis dwelling at a certain number in a well-known avenue, and said that the elderly woman was his wife and the beautiful damsel their daughter. A few polite remarks on general topics were exchanged and then the professing marquis drew the physician into a corner and in low discreet accents unfolded to him the following tale:

His daughter, he explained, was a charming girl. She was lovely, as he could judge for himself, accomplished, amiable, and when she married she would have a very respectable dowry, as her parents were well endowed with this world's goods. Unfortunately there was a dark side to this otherwise bright picture. Although lavishly provided with pocket money and supplied with everything that she could possibly desire, the young woman was a confirmed kleptomaniac. She could not enter a shop without endeavoring to purloin some article, and even their friends' spoons and forks were not secure from her too enterprising fingers.

Then, coming to the point, the so-called marquis asked the doctor whether he would be willing to undertake the cure of this very distressing case. He would not be daunted by any expense, and in proof of this assertion he pulled out a bundle of bank notes and laid them on the table. The physician, considerably impressed by all this candor and by this practical method of transacting business, readily consented to take the young woman for a course of treatment into his own house, and the next day saw her installed there with a maid provided by her family in special attendance on her.

The girl was to be cured of her thievish propensities through the medium of hypnotism, a will stronger than her own compelling her to return to honest ways. All went well for four or five days, much to the satisfaction of the good doctor, who had not missed a single article of his property, and who firmly believed that his course of treatment had been crowned with remarkable success.

When, however, he returned from his round of visits last evening he found to his infinite bewilderment that the birds had flown. As it had been expressly agreed that his fair patient should remain indoors for a while, so as to be spared the temptation afforded by the spectacle of attractive shop windows, he was greatly annoyed, but this was nothing in comparison with his state of mind when an inspection of his premises revealed the painful fact that bank notes to the amount of near £1,000 had also disappeared, and with them jewelry and divers objects of art worth quite £400.

He consoled himself with the reflection that he would in all probability recover his property at the residence of the young lady's noble father, and thither he proceeded in haste, to find to his anguish that the family in question, which he now beheld for the first time in the flesh, had been personated by a trio of audacious impostors. Then the poor doctor took his weary way to the office of the police commissary, with the old familiar tale.

Detectives are hunting in every direction for the thieves, but so far they have failed to track them to their lair.

Ode to an Old Dollar Bill.

I.
O, ragged, faded thing,
Thy odor is not reminiscent of the rose;
How limp thou art! Unto thy edges
cling
Ten billion deadly microbes, I suppose—
And yet, there's independence in thee,
too.
And courage—yes, and strength! There's
that in thee
Which makes me long to do
The best that lies in me—
There's that in thee which makes me dare
To pass a thousand dangers every day—
There's joy in thee! Where thou art
there
Hope builds her nest and frightens Doubt
away!

II.
Ah, thou art clammy to the touch—
But, yesterday, mayhap, thou didst re-
lease
From some white throat a demon's angry
clutch—
With thee, perhaps, went Peace
To some dark haunt, where Hate or Sor-
row sat—who knows
What aches have fled because of thee,
What little children thou hast caused to
laugh, how many a rose
Has bloomed because of thee?—Ah, me,
Here on thy smeared and faded face
I read the history of man! Thou art the
boon
For which he goes through danger and
disgrace—
And I, alas, must part with thee so soon!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

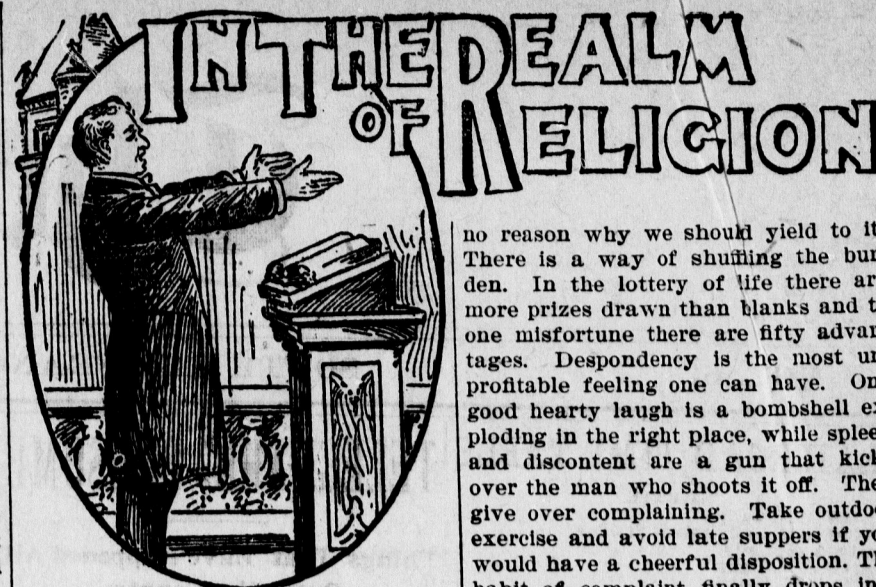
The Hog and the Garden.

A Hog one day entered a gentleman's garden. Rooted up his lawn and finally made a Comfortable Wallow of the Basin of the Fountain.

Appearing on his veranda, the Gentleman was infuriated by the spectacle of Filthy Destruction presented to his view, and Shouted Loudly to the Hog, "Hush," urged the Beast from his Wallow in the Basin of the Fountain. "If you Raise a Row you will Attract the Attention of the Neighbors—and surely you don't want them to see into what a Foul State the premises of a man of your Wealth and Position have fallen. Keep quiet, my Agitated Friend, and Say Nothing about it."

But the enraged gentleman fell upon the Hog and drove him forth with blows, and then set to work to Restore his Premises to their former decent condition.

MORAL: Those who have themselves no regard for appearances are not welcomed as advisers on how appearances may be kept up.—Philadelphia North American.



Ideal Womanhood.

Character is the principal thing in active womanhood. It is not looks, or clothes, or mere prettiness of form and feature that makes the King's daughter. She is all glorious within. She has a pure, true soul that is in loyal subjection to Jesus Christ, her King. The chorus of the Christian graces sings sweetly in her breast. The ideal woman is always and everywhere womanly. Wherever she goes she keeps that distinctive modesty and gentleness and grace of bearing which is the distinctive glory of womanhood. The ideal woman is good-looking. Not necessarily pretty, but she looks good. It seems as if there is and ought to be a certain close affinity between goodness and womanliness. I have seen plain and homely faces that had almost none of the lines and curves of beauty the artist would demand, and yet so glorified by a noble soul within that they were good-looking faces, beautiful faces withal. The girl that lets every narrow and selfish and spiteful and jealous spirit that gets into her soul break out into her actions and stamp its ugly image on her features can never be good-looking, though she have form as shapely and features as perfect as those of a Greek statue. Petulance and anger and spitefulness and a grumbling disposition are far more destructive of beauty than wrinkles and freckles and large features and vermilion colored hair. The King's daughter lets goodness work out into form and feature and is, therefore, good-looking. The ideal woman is emotional, but not hysterical. She is modest, but she is not weak. Physically she may be the weaker vessel, but never morally. And with all her reserve she shows an aggressive strength of character that gives her a queen's throne in the home and in society. And the ideal woman is the woman with a mission. She lives for a purpose. She lives to do a work for God and truth and humanity.—Rev. W. I. Wishart.

Bethany.
O Bethany, where busy Martha dwelt,
Where Mary at the feet of Jesus knelt,
And Lazarus from the grave was raised—
The happy three the Saviour loved and
praised—
How sweet to me thy blessed memory,
O Bethany, O quiet Bethany!
O Bethany, a place of peaceful rest
I'd gladly be in thee a frequent guest,
Because to thee the Saviour often went
And restful nights of sweet refreshment
spent;
How sweet to me thy blessed memory,
O Bethany, O quiet Bethany!
O Bethany, from daily toil and care
I'd go with Christ for sweet communion
there
With friends, whose happy home I would
enjoy
An hour each night in prayer I would
employ;
How sweet to me thy blessed memory,
O Bethany, O peaceful Bethany!
O Bethany, beneath sad Olive's brow,
In thee at Jesus' feet I'd humbly bow,
And to my home I'd gladly welcome Him
Who came from heaven that He might
redeem;
How sweet to me thy blessed memory,
O Bethany, O home-like Bethany!
—W. B. Williams.

Love for the Friendless.
If one really loves his friends he will seek opportunities to serve them for love's sweet sake, and his highest satisfaction will be to prove himself really useful and helpful to them. But to love one's friends is not enough. Surely it must be right to give our heart's best to these; but there are the unlovely and the unfriendly, the lonely and desolate, who are really starving, though they may not know it, for the sunshine of some one's compassion, some one's pitying love. What right have we, who are rich in friends, to deny them this solace? The Christian name is not ours if we are satisfied to love those who love us, to serve those who minister to us. Selfishness is our master, and not the Savior who has loved us with a perfect love, and whom we have promised to love and serve.—Universalist Leader.

Took Care of the Lambs.

"How do you get such beautiful sheep?" was asked of a farmer. "I take care of the lambs," was the reply. There is a word for pastors in that reply. "If I was to repeat my ministry," said an aged pastor, "I would give my chief attention to the young." Says Dr. Rainsford: "We must put our strength into work among the children. We cannot do much with the people over 25 years old. The only way to do it is to build the children into a church." See to it that the first years of their careers are wisely directed; that truth is taught for truth's sake.

A Habit of Complaint.

There are some unhappy people who are never cheerful—who are always under a cloud. Now, we may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is

no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling one can have. One good hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off. Then give over complaining. Take outdoor exercise and avoid late suppers if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unapproachable.—Sel.

An Every Day Virtue.

There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

Self-Distrust.

From one cause or another we shrink from the responsibility of avowing our deepest convictions. Partly it is from the fear of ostentation and singularity, partly from self-distrust and sincere humility, partly from more unworthy motives. But from whatever cause it may be, by so doing we wrong our friends.—B. F. Westcott.

"He's My Brother."

A gentleman once met a little girl carrying in her arms a sturdy little baby brother and inquired if the burden was not somewhat heavy. "He's not heavy, he's my brother," was the simple but beautiful reply. How love lightens burdens and how much easier all life is when lived in the spirit of love!

Sympathy with Distress.

We should speak comfortingly to those in sorrow and to the depressed. A word of sympathy timely spoken is balm to a wounded heart. The letter written in the spirit of Him whose words were full of comfort is sometimes the opening of a soul to grace and peace.—United Presbyterian.

Charity.

The last, best fruit that comes late to perfection even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Richter.

A Good Beginning.

Begin with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have and it shall go far enough.—O. B. Frothingham.

Lance Boats the Latest.

A new use for the lances carried by the soldiers of many European armies has been devised in Germany. In the early stages of the war in the Transvaal much was hard of Boers being "spitted" on English lances. In the German army, however, a scheme has been devised by which the lances of the cavalry form a framework for boats. This is such an advanced step that the English are watching closely to see what success attends it. Twelve to sixteen lances and a few cross-sticks for the framework for these lance-boats, and besides the oars, which are made of a lance and a canvas blade, the only other essential part of the boat is the waterproof covering. It takes only five minutes for the troops to tie the framework together and two minutes more to fasten on the cover. Then the boat is ready for launching. Sometimes to insure greater stability the two boats are fastened together like a catamaran.

When these boats are packed up one horse easily can carry two of them. It is said that with the old system it required 2,000 men and 3,500 horses merely to look after the transport of the boats if every squadron in the English army were supplied with two boats. With the new boats, however, only 500 horses are needed and in the item of fodder alone there is a saving of \$137,500 a year.

Did You Ever Octopus?

A young couple from Northcreek, on a visit to Barnum & Bailey's had succumbed to fatigue, and were seated on a bale of hay in an obscure corner of the menagerie tent.

"What do you reckon is the most strange thing we seed?" said the girl.

"It's hard to say; but I know what I'd like ter be now."

"The flyin' trapeze man?" she ventured.

"No, not him."

"Mebbe the ringmaster?"

"Nor him. You recollect the octopus in the glass tank? Well, I'd like to be he."

"Why?"

"'Cos he'd nigh unto a hundred arms, an' I'd like ter use 'em all a-huggin' you a hundred times at once."

"Jerry, that's a very wrong wish."

"Tain't neither."

"Oh, yes, 'tis! It's sinful ter waste time wishin' for the impossible, 'stead o' makin' the best of sech opportunities ez yer happen ter have."

And Jerry rose to the occasion, and put all his energy into the gentle art of octopusing.—London Answers.

Short-sighted people are naturally close observers.

YOU ARE LOP-SIDED.

FACTS ABOUT DEFECTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Discrepancies Between Like Members on Different Sides of the Body—Only One Pair of Eyes in Fifteen Is Perfect—Characteristics.

Two sides of a face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have a larger proportion of short-sighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life, and does not cease with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is stronger than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; those of a woman are six pounds lighter. That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people.

The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it keeps misshapen flesh off the ankle, making the ankle delicate and slender.

British women are said to average two inches more in height than Americans. Averages for the height of women show that those born in summer and autumn are taller than those born in spring or winter. The tallest girls are born in August. As far as boys are concerned, those who first see the light during autumn and winter are not so tall as those born in spring and summer. Those born in November are the shortest; in July, the tallest.

A head of fair hair consists of 143,040 hairs, dark 105,000, while a red head has only 29,200. Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly.

A person who has lived seventy years has had pass through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the blood in the body passing through the heart in about 32 beats. The heart beats on an average of 70 times a minute, or 36,792,000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man, 80 years of age, has beaten 3,000,000,000 times. The heart beats 10 strokes a minute less when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

Gray eyes, however, are of many varieties. There are the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, the penetrating, the meditating and the intellectual; but the fact remains that the gray represents the head.

"There is one variety of the gray eyes of which the lover should beware," says an expert in oology. "It is the soft eye with a large pupil that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought or a flash of feeling. An eye that laughs, that sighs almost; that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams and its storms. A wonderful eye that wins you, whether you will or not, and holds you after it has cast you off, no matter whether the face be fair or not."

A hazel-eyed woman, according to these same experts you can generally rely on. She never descends to scandal, never talks too much or too little, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is, on the whole, an intellectual, agreeable, lovable creature.

Of green eyes it is said that they betoken courage, pride and energy.

Black eyes are symbolical of fire, firmness and heroism. Sometimes they have a trace of diabolism in their rays that have a potent attraction over men's hearts.

Men have light eyes oftener than women; but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly, though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black.

A prominent or full eye indicates command of language, ready and universal observation.

Round-eyed persons see much. They live much in the senses, but think less. Deep-seated eyes receive impressions more accurately, definitely and deeply.

Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

HE LOST THE GIRL.

All Through a Ridiculous Mistake on the Part of the Lover.

"A curious thing happened to a certain young man up in Mississippi some time ago," remarked a visitor to the city yesterday, "and the aforesaid young man has never completely recovered from the influence of the joke. He was a bright but timid young fellow, but had that modicum of vanity usually found in young men who are just reaching the period in life when they drift in the evenings from the home of one Dulcinea to the other and while away the time in cooling the soft nothings of the swain. He was an average young fellow except in looks. In this respect he was rather above the average, and recognized the fact, of course. There was a certain young girl who happened to be the particular favorite in the community, and she deserved all the wooing she received, for she was really a splendid young woman, and, in fact, had all the charming attributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi—lips like roses, cheeks after the tint of the peach blossom, pretty, white, evenly set teeth, curls, and sinuous curves, and all that sort of thing. She was simply a pink dream, and there was great rivalry among the young fellows who visited her.

On a certain evening last winter the young gentleman who figures in this tale brushed his hair, polished his teeth, and went forth to woo the rustic queen. The old gentleman was at home. I ought to remark at this point that the old man was very fond of hunting, and he had just purchased a new breech-loading shotgun, and his exuberance over the event was positively boyish. The young lady happened to drift back into the sitting-room and found her father explaining to a friend the many advantages of the new shotgun, and telling what he would do to his hunting companions on the next day, when they would go out to the lake. The young lady was very enthusiastic over the weapon, and turning to her father, she said: "Oh, papa dear, take the gun in and show it to Mr. Blank. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see it, for you know, he is so fond of hunting." The old gentleman acted on the suggestion, and, excusing himself from his guest, made a start for the parlor with the shotgun in his hand. He shoved the door of the parlor open and rushed in rather hurriedly.

"Well, the young man rushed out after the same fashion, and he left a nicely polished cane and a brand-new hat on the rack. One of his rivals had told him that the old gentleman did not like him, and that he seriously objected to the attention he was paying to the young lady. When the old gentleman broke into the parlor with a shotgun the young fellow could hear the leaden pellets rattling in his face, and he broke the sprinting record of the community. He recovered the hat and cane, but lost the girl."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Process Too Expensive.

Warts are curious things. They come and go mysteriously, although their going is frequently marked by exasperating delays, and there are almost as many infallible cures as there are warts, the only trouble with these cures being that they are useless when applied to the particular wart you happen to have. They are only good for other people's.

"In my opinion," said a club man, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excretion. Get rid of that, and it goes away."

"Let me give you a bit of my own experience," he continued. "Last year I went to Europe. For about three years I had had a wart on my little finger, on which I had tried everything I could hear of, but without effect. It only grew larger."

"Well, in the excitement of preparing for the trip, and of the journey itself, I forgot all about my wart, and when I looked for it, about six weeks later, it had vanished, without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on. I see you have one on the back of your hand. Forget all about it for a few weeks, and it will go away of itself."

"Yes," said the other club-man, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't afford to take a trip to Europe for the sake of curing one wart."

A Health Barometer.

"My mustache tells me when I am not quite well, or when I am a little run down, before I feel the altered condition in the ordinary way," said an expert on the hair, "and many other people can say the same, either with their hair or beard, or they could do so if they took the trouble to watch."

"My mustache gets thick and unruly. I know what that means, yet I am not conscious of any deterioration in health or mental strength. But I always heed the warning, for I have learnt by experience that it is a warning. A lady patient of mine has wavy hair."

"When she has been subjected to mental or physical strain, her hair loses its waviness and becomes straight. Overdoing it on her cycle, or worry, will bring about this change, and, though she feels no particular weakness she comprehends that her vitality has been decreased, and acts accordingly."

"Anger and the other emotions and sensations have their effect on the hair, more so in some persons than in others. I admit, but I believe that we might all make 'health barometers' of our head-covering if we chose."

Robinson Crusoe's Musket.

A Philadelphia firm of auctioneers recently offered at one of their sales Robinson Crusoe's musket. It was a fine old flintlock. It was in the possession of a grandniece of Alexander Selkirk, and its pedigree is much more unclouded than is usually the case with objects of this kind.

When a widower acts like a hen that is trying to steal a nest, that is a sure sign.

HOW TO MAKE A WOODEN CHAIN.

A wooden chain? You can't weld wood, I'm sure. Besides, what use would it be? True, quite true. You cannot bend and weld a rod of wood into links as you can a rod of iron, but you can make a wooden chain, nevertheless, by cutting it out of the solid wood. I am afraid, however, that the

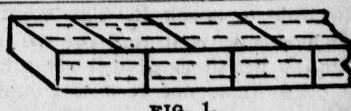


FIG. 1.

useful qualities of such a chain are not easily apparent, but, if neatly made, I am sure you would be justified in classing it as ornamental, and to any one who does not know how it is done it will appear as puzzling as the proverbial milk in the coconut.

Well, let us proceed. First of all you must decide what size of chain you are going to make, and choose your material accordingly. The only tools required are a sharp knife and a foot rule. It is better to start with a fairly large link, as there is less danger of splitting, so I shall describe what I have found to be a good workable size. Get a nice piece of yellow pine, free from knots, 1½ inch square by about a foot long. Of course, you can have it

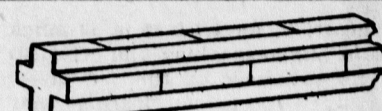


FIG. 2.

any length you desire, but twelve inches will be found ample to start with. Having got your wood, proceed to mark off two lines along each of the sides, dividing the sides into three equal parts, as shown in figure 1. Then place a rule along one of the sides and make a mark at 2 inches, 4 inches, 6 inches, 8 inches

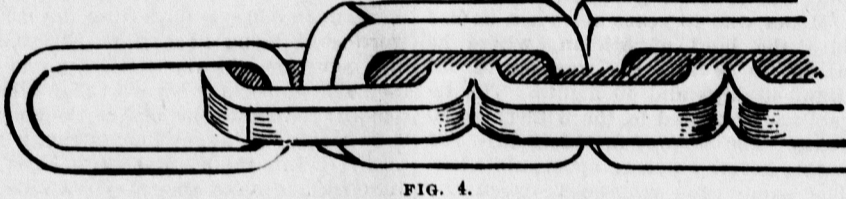


FIG. 3.

LONDON'S OPEN-AIR PULPIT.

It Has Proved So Popular That Another Is To Be Erected.

London has only one open-air pulpit. It is, however, to have another, for the one used at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, has been so popular that it has been decided to erect a second in connection with St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

Of course, open-air services are by no means uncommon, but they are rarely indulged in by the Church of England, and that has made the pulpit much more appreciated.

The pulpit is fixed on the wall of the church, and the congregation who gather round for the open-air service stand



LONDON'S OPEN-AIR PULPIT.

In the churchyard. It is used all the year round except when the weather is very bad, and the services on Saturday and Sunday are especially for the Jews of the East End. During the summer the pulpit is used every night, and St. Mary's is probably the only church which indulges in open-air services seven times in one week. The pulpit is occupied by the curates of the parish, but the laity are also allowed to take a part and to address themselves to the congregation.

The pulpit is a reminder of the days when the clergy used to deliver their sermons from preaching crosses, many of which still exist but are rarely used in these days.—London Daily Mail.

TROUBLES OF THE CONTRACTOR

Must Be Wide Awake to Hold His End Up with His Brethren.

"There's money in the contracting business," said a contractor to a New York Sun man, "but I tell you it's a cutthroat business in which you have to keep your wits about you and look mighty sharp, too, or you'll lose more than you make. It's playing your hand alone with every other man's against you, from your paid workers to the capitalist whose work you are doing and the other contractors who have other parts of the same job to do."

"I am moved to these remarks by an experience I've just had with a contract out in Jersey. It was a matter of erecting a big factory and I had the job of providing and putting up the iron work and machinery. Now it happened that the factory was in a swamp. The land on which it was built was good enough, but there was only one little bit of a road leading to it through the swamp. Outside of this narrow-made track you couldn't put a pair of water down without seeing it sink out of sight in the mud."

"The first thing I discovered after I had got the contract and went to work was that the fellow who had the contract for masonry, and who had secured that a few days before I had

and 10 inches. Do the same with the side opposite. Now place the rule on one of the remaining sides, and make a mark at 1 inch, 3 inches, 5 inches, 7 inches, 9 inches and 11 inches. Do the same with the side opposite, as in figure 1.

Now cut lengthwise along the dotted lines till the corner pieces come out, leaving your wood as in figure 2.

Take care not to cut too deep. Now cut down at the marks along the edge (figure 3).

Your piece of wood will now have assumed a shape somewhat resembling a chain, but of course the links are still connected together solid, and here comes in the "ticklish" part of the process. See that your knife is sharp and use a small pointed blade. You have now got to cut and carve away very

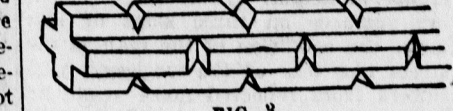


FIG. 4.

carefully till you get the links separated—leaving them connected together, of course, as in an ordinary chain. It is difficult to describe in writing the various cuts required, but perhaps the following diagram will help to make it clear. You must just dig away at the shaded parts in a diagonal direction till each link is cut apart from its neighbors.

Great care must be taken when the links are just about separated, as the least attempt to force them apart will split them at the ends. After they are separated it is a simple matter rounding them into proper shape, and then, if your friends express as much wonder and praise your cleverness as highly as mine did, you will feel that your time has not been wasted in making a wooden chain.—Exchange.



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Mr. Wu's Son, Chou Chou.

In an article in St. Nicholas, Abby G. Baker tells something of the son of the Chinese minister, Wu Ting-fang:

The Chinese legation is one of the handsomest belonging to any of the foreign representatives. It is a mammoth white stone house at the intersection of Q street and New Hampshire avenue. It is furnished throughout in up-to-date American fashion, but every room has sufficient Chinese embroideries, bric-a-brac and pictures to give a characteristic air, while what is termed the Oriental room is especially Chinese. Its walls are finished in iridescent onyx, and the floor and ceilings are of black walnut. From the ceiling hangs a bizarre, many-branched, lantern-shaped chandelier, but it is fitted with electric bulbs instead of the candles that would be used in it if it were gracing a home in the far-away Flowery Kingdom in eastern Asia.

At one side of the room is an odd piece of furniture, made of heavy black walnut, which is a table with a seat on each side of it. This is a Chinese chair of state, a sort of ceremonial tea-table to which Minister Wu Ting-fang invites any great dignitary who comes to see him. Other native chairs are in the room for guests of less distinction. There are also many beautiful tapestries, fans, vases and other such Chinese curios in this beautiful apartment.

Minister and Madame Wu Ting-fang have one son, Chou Chou by name, or Wu Chou Chou, as he writes it in Chinese style. When they came to the United States about three years ago Chou Chou could not speak a word of English, and his father placed him with a tutor. Chou Chou soon found that the boys who lived near the legation went to the public school, and he begged his father to allow him to do the same. Minister Wu is a very wise Oriental, and when he looked into the matter he concluded that the public school was best for his boy and sent him there. Chou Chou has made such good progress that he is now in the Western High School, and his teacher said a short time ago that the English of his exercises in the literature class was better than that of any papers handed in to her. While at school he dresses like the usual American boy, and tucks his long cue under his coat; but on all public occasions he wears his native costume—the stiff brocaded silk robe and trousers, his feet incased in the fancy double-soled sandals, and his cue braided down his back and tied with a silk fringe which almost touches his heels. Madame Wu does not speak English readily, and often at her receptions, which are held on Friday during the social seasons, her young son acts as her interpreter with an ease and grace which would be a credit to one far his senior in years.

But our troubles weren't over. He was a smart guy all right. He'd not only got the road, but he had got control of the water supply. There was no water on the ground. We couldn't lay any pipes and we had to take what supply he would give us for our engines, and pay him a big price for that. We did him all right on the drinking water, though, for we combined to hire a wagon which brought us in a few barrels daily for our use.

"There were other instances in which this man had got ahead of us, but these two will do. I want to show you that it isn't all honey in the contracting business. The victory is to the strong, and the early starter who keeps wide awake comes in ahead."

mine, had leased this road for a year for about \$250 a month, and he demanded an exorbitant price for the privilege of letting me use it. The other contractors were in the same boat.

"We appealed to the company for which we were putting up the plant, but that did not do us any good. The company didn't own the road in the first place, and since we had signed the contract to do the work and had to keep it, they didn't care what troubles we had or how we were to get out of them. The only thing to do was to come down and look pleasant about it. We paid the masonry contractor the price he asked, and he must have made about \$1,000 a month profit on that little investment of \$250 a month rent of his."

"But our troubles weren't over. He was a smart guy all right. He'd not only got the road, but he had got control of the water supply. There was no water on the ground. We couldn't lay any pipes and we had to take what supply he would give us for our engines, and pay him a big price for that. We did him all right on the drinking water, though, for we combined to hire a wagon which brought us in a few barrels daily for our use."

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truder learned that the designers of the tiny playhouse and pleasure-grounds were little birds.

First cousins to the gardener-birds, says J. Carter Beard in Popular Science News, are the bower-birds of Australia. These birds build bowers in which they meet to dance and frolic. The walls are strongly formed of twigs and small branches woven together, and the whole structure is covered with a layer of beautiful grasses.

The playhouses are further ornamented inside and out with shells, shining pebbles, gay scraps, little bones, and skulls of wild birds bleached white, together with the green and gold and scarlet feathers of parrots.

After the male birds have built the arbors they leave their little mates to decorate them, which they do with great zest, often flying miles to find some glittering object that suits their taste. When all is completed the birds repair to the bower to enjoy themselves as if in a ballroom, bowing and dancing, turning about and chasing each other up and down in a whirl of sportive delight.—Youth's Companion.

Why It Hides Its Head.

The male ostrich hatches out the eggs, looks after the brood, keeps his eyes open for men, beasts and birds, and sounds a loud, snorting warning call when he sees an enemy. The brood, when warned, fade out of sight. Each chick squats motionless, its head in the sand, and its body so near in color to that of the sand and scant herbage as to deceive even an experienced hunter.

Its body looks like a gray desert bush and the gauchos—the cowboys of the pampas—when searching for young ostriches, examine every bush within many rods of the spot where a brood disappears. Often what seems a bush is found to be in part or wholly a young ostrich. With its head up, the bird would be at once detected; with its head in the sand, it often escapes even the keen-eyed fox.—Youth's Companion.

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm, "I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."

Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug, "I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal, "I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."

"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch, "If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch."

A Conundrum.

"It is very queer," thought baby. "But, as everybody knows, The longer that my body gets, The shorter grow my clothes!"

—St. Nicholas.

Putting Things Away.

Grandmammy—What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy?

Tommy—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.

APPLES AS MEDICINE.

One of the Best Foods for Nervous People—Easy to Digest.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water, says the New York Popular Science. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethichin, of the brain and spinal chord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, the old Scandinavian traditions representing the apple as the food of gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing old and feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action; those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in 85 minutes. Geffraud found that the "pulp" of roasted apples mixed in a wine quart of fair water, and labored together until it comes to be as apples and ale—which we call lambeswool—never fail in certain diseases of the raines, which myself had often proved, and gained thereby both crowns and credit.

"The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning or running eyes at night, when the party goes to bed, and is tied or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily and contrary to expectations—an excellent secret."

A poultice made of rotten apples is of very common use in Lincolnshire for the cure of weak or rheumatic eyes. Likewise in the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, an apple poultice is used commonly for inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and its pulp applied over the eyes without any intervening substance.

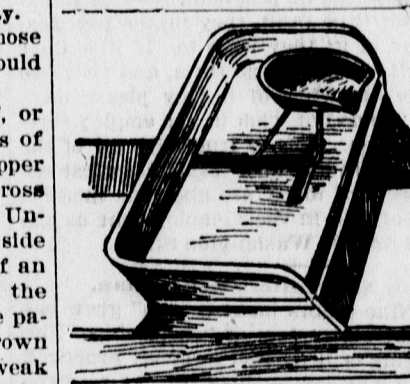
Effect and Cause.

"Isn't the American eagle married, daddy?"

"Why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"Cause he's bald."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A philosopher says it is an easy matter to tell what kind of wheels a man has in his head by the spokes that come from his mouth.



DETACHABLE THIRD SEAT.

receives the rear end of the cushion. A firm support is provided by a cross-bar resting on the cushion.

As shown in the illustration, the supplemental seat is placed in the middle of the main seat in an elevated position, so that it will interfere but little with the occupants of the main seat.

Birds at Play.

B

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

The industrial war now raging will end as did the great civil war, with the right triumphant and the country saved and safe.

The dumping of garbage from the city of San Francisco in great quantities on one of the principal highways of this county, has been going on constantly for the past three years. Complaint was made about the time this offensive business was commenced and a number of the garbage men were arrested. Upon trial the prosecution was unable to prove that the garbage was of a character injurious to health or offensive to the senses. It is alleged, however, that of late the stuff brought into this county is of the vilest character, foul smelling and a peril to health. It has been inspected and condemned by the health officer of this county. The parties engaged in bringing this city refuse into this county have been officially notified to desist, and as we are informed, have ignored such notice. There is no reason why the highways of this county should be made a dumping ground for the filth of San Francisco and those engaged in this business should be made to feel the strong arm of the law.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Ladies' Home Journal for September is the "Special Autumn Fashion Number" of that excellent magazine. In addition to an unusual number of interesting stories and striking features, it devotes seven pages to a complete setting forth of the styles-to-be in dresses, bodices, hats and wraps. The most important literary feature, perhaps, is the initial installment of "Miss Alcott's Letters to Her Laurie"—letters which have never before been printed. They are edited by "Laurie" himself—now grown up. There is a delightful description of a day in the woods with Ernest Seton-Thompson, and a jolly recital of "The College Scrapes We Got Into," by "A Graduate." The fourth part of Miss Tompkins' "Aileen" brings that charming story near to its close, and Mr. Bodie discusses the need for parental cooperation in education in his editorial on "The School Question Again." Three articles about "Cats That Draw Salaries," "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them," and "How a Village Changed its Name" combine to make an exceptional page, and a double page is devoted to photographs of "The Handsomest Laces in America." "The New Wedding Stationery" is shown, also some of the photographs which won prizes in the Journal's recent rural contest. In addition to the regular departments there are valuable articles on "A Cleverly Planned Nursery," "Plants Which Can Be Raised in the House," and plans for an ideal \$7000 house. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Self Possessed.

It was late and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor. Meantime the gas meter worked steadily. The pater endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures. "Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?" "No, sir," replied the funny man on The Daily Bugle. "We are holding the form for an important decision." And the pater went back to bed, wondering if they would keep house or live with him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Brief Interview.

The late Rev. R. S. Storrs was a very hard man to interview, for he resented the inquisitiveness of the press and was icy to its agents. One evening a reporter attended a reception at his house and in the course of the evening touched his arm and whispered: "Doctor, I'm from the —. I want the names of guests and all the particulars." "Yes," Dr. Storrs whispered in return, "this way, this way." And, taking the young man's arm, he escorted him to the front door and put him out.

Easy to Prove.

If a man wants to know definitely just what kind of a peg he is—square or round—there is only one way—he must get into a hole.—Philadelphia Press.

NERVE OF ENGINEERS

IT DOES NOT, AS A RULE, DESERT THEM AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

Desperate Chances the Man at the Throttle Will at Times Take Without Being Able to Give a Satisfactory Reason For His Action.

"I have been often asked why railway engineers disregard their instructions and the warning signals along the line of their road," said the general superintendent of a railroad to a man, "and I have summed it up that it is human nature for men to take chances in their business and that engineers are no exception to the general rule."

"Sometimes they cannot give a satisfactory reason why they do so. I will give you an authentic instance of this habit which made me live 10 years in 30 minutes."

"On a road I was at the time connected with was a long trestle over a bay several miles in length, with a draw-bridge in the center. The draw had been opened, and as a tugboat was passing through the bridge men heard the rumble of a fast, heavily laden passenger train as it struck the bridge a mile away. Knowing that the red danger signals were set with the opening of the draw, they supposed that the engineer would slow up or stop, as might be necessary. Instead, to their consternation, the train came along at regular speed, and a frightful accident appeared inevitable. They yelled to the captain of the tugboat to go at full speed, and as the boat glided through the draw in the darkness they exerted themselves to swing the draw into the locking bolts before the train could get to the point where the rails separated."

"The engineer, however, disregarded the last danger signal, a few hundred yards from the draw, and came on. By a remarkable coincidence of time and position the draw, which was of course in motion, swung so that the rails of the east bound track were in juxtaposition with the west bound track, upon which the train was running, and the heavy engine and one of the passenger coaches, striking the east bound rails, glided upon the draw and struck there, the remaining portion of the train being on the west bound track, making almost a figure 8 of the coaches."

"If the draw had moved the thirtieth part of a second faster or slower, the east bound rails would not have been opposite the west bound rails at the very instant that the great engine struck them, and a frightful disaster would have resulted. When I got out on the bridge a few minutes later, I fully expected to find the train in the bottom of the bay and the draw smashed into splinters. I discharged the engineer on the spot and asked him why he had not observed the signals. He admitted that he saw them, but could not give a satisfactory reason for failing to observe them. He evidently took his chances of finding the draw closed when he reached it."

"The engineer of today is a sober, steady, nervy man, especially on the fast express trains on the big roads. It is nerve that makes one man carry a limited express train through the darkness of the night, fog, sleet and blinding snow at 60 miles an hour. The stories we read about an engineer losing his nerve after an accident are largely fiction. In 27 years of active railroad life I have had but one or two men apply to me for a transfer upon the ground that their nerves had gone back on them for running the fast trains."

"I have had men who have been flung 50 feet over their tenders in a head on collision and had a dozen bones broken come to me after they had been discharged from the hospital and ask to be put back on their old run. You see, they begin firing when they are about 18 or 20, and the cab of an engine is their home. If they run into a person or a wagon load of people on the track, if it is not their fault, they take a practical view of it; they have to. If it is their fault, we discharge them, and they can take any view of it they please then, for we do not wish in our employ careless men. This is true with all of the big roads, and as a result American engineers of today are about as model a set of men in their employment as can be found."—Washington Star.

Nine Tallors Make a Man.

"Nine tallors make a man" grew out of the old custom of bell ringing. The ringing of bells was formerly practiced from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. The "tallors" in the above phrase is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession. Six were rung for a woman and three for a child. Hence it came to be said by those listening for the announcement, "Nine tellors make a man." As this custom became less general and the allusion less generally understood there was an easy transition from the word "tellers" to the more familiar one "tallors." That inevitable joker, Curran, took advantage of this popular saying to poke fun in a good natured way at his hosts on the occasion of his being entertained at dinner by 18 of the Guild of Tallors. Curran on leaving rose and said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both good evening."

An Observer.

A correspondent writes: "I was visiting a friend some time ago and naturally in due time wished to take a bath. So, having let a goodly supply of water into the tub, in I stepped, with much pleasure at the prospect of a delightful scrub, when a most matter of fact voice said, 'Going to take a bath?' My heart stood still with terror, and vainly endeavoring to stretch my washing to the dimensions of a sheet, I glared wildly around and saw a parrot placidly blinking at me from his cage in the window."—New York Tribune.

The Noise Habit.

The New Yorker contracts in time what may be called the noise habit. Noise with him becomes a dissipation. His nervous system demands it. This is illustrated by the sensations he experiences when he goes into the woods or mountains after a continuous stay in the city for many months. His first feeling is one of loneliness; something seems to have suddenly gone out of his life. Every tree seems to say, "Why have you been so hot and noisy, my little sir?" His sensations are somewhat akin to those of a drunkard who has been under alcoholic stimulation for a long time and suddenly has his drink taken from him. His whole nervous system feels the lack of the irritation and stimulation of the city noise, to which it has become accustomed. The stillness actually appals and depresses him.

The streets of New York are deep, narrow channels, and they are growing constantly deeper as the buildings increase in height. These large reflecting surfaces on three sides of him make the condition of the man in the street like that of the workman who suffers from reflected noise while he hammers rivets on the inside of a boiler.—Munsey's Magazine.

Four and Its Multiple of Ten.

The number four was anciently esteemed the most perfect of all, being the arithmetical mean between one and seven. Omah, the second caliph, said, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity." In nature there are four seasons, and the four points of the compass.

Forty, a multiple of four by ten, is one of the sacred numbers. The probability of our first parents in the garden of Eden is supposed to have been 40 years. The rain fell at the deluge 40 days and nights, and the water remained on the earth 40 days. The days of embalming the dead were 40. Solomon's temple was 40 cubits long. In it were ten layers, each four cubits long and containing 40 baths.

Moses was 40 years old when he fled into the land of Midian, where he dwelt 40 years. He was on Mount Sinai 40 days and 40 nights. The Israelites wandered in the wilderness 40 years. The Saviour fasted 40 days and nights before entering upon public life. The same time elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension.

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.

"That's a very knowing animal o' yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very extraordinary—hastoinishin, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—London Tit-Bits.

The Deserving One.

Hoyt, with a playwright friend, was once witnessing the production of a play—not his own—says the New York Clipper. The leading man was well known to be a poor "study," and this night was on very unfamiliar terms with his part. The voice of the prompter was continuously in evidence, though this was overlooked, for the actor was a great favorite.

Just before the end of the act Hoyt went out, but returned a moment later just as the curtain went down on deafening applause.

"Who are they calling for?" he asked of his friend, who answered by naming the leading man, whom, to spare his feelings, we will call X.

"—! (This stands for a little swear word.) I don't see what they want X for. I should think they would call for the prompter."

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who in addition to his wide medical skill is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young, and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone said:

"Yes; I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be rich as Croesus and as mean as he."—Buffalo Commercial.

A Claim That Pearl Divers Fear.

All sorts of superstitions prevail among the pearl fishers of Ceylon, and a large business is done by sorcerers who sell charms to restrain the appetite of the sharks and to drive away the diabolical stingrays. Another peril which the diver dreads more than either stingray or shark is the giant clam, that weighs nearly half a ton when full grown. It will snap off a man's legs like a pipestem if the victim chances to thrust a limb between its open jaws, or at all events will hold him until he drowns miserably.

WORDS WE SWALLOW

ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE, YET WE CAN'T GET THEM OUT.

This Hitch In the Working of the Brain Is Called Aphasia In the Medical Profession—A Trick the Chinaman Uses For the Emergency.

Everybody knows what it is to have a word on the tip of the tongue and yet not be able to speak it. The word is known perfectly well, and yet we cannot for the life of us give it utterance. More often than not it is a common word in everyday use. But it will not be spoken when wanted. What is the secret of this "word forgetfulness?"

Doctors call it aphasia. They cannot explain it, but say it is a little hitch in the working of the brain or intellect. The Chinese, who have done so many quaint and clever things, recognized the difficulty thousands of years ago and invented a very ingenious way of making the best of things.

They manufactured a number of words and sentences that meant absolutely nothing, mere sound without sense. When a Chinaman in the course of conversation comes to a word that he has on the tip of his tongue, but cannot speak, he just makes use of the meaningless phrases invented for that purpose until he recalls the word he wants and goes on with the conversation.

The trick, for trick it is, is much in use in public speaking and certainly is an improvement on the "er—er—ers," coughings and throat clearings that so plentifully besprinkle our own after dinner orations. The speaker preserves his dignity and gives himself time for thought.

Very often the greater the desire to speak the missing word the greater the difficulty or sheer impossibility. The man in the Arabian story could not remember the words "Open sesame," although he was in danger of his life. There are many cases on record of soldiers, even officers, forgetting the password and being shot down by their own sentries. At the critical moment the all important word that they thought they knew as well as their own names escapes them. They struggle to recall it, but the very effort makes it more difficult, and they pay with their lives.

A man may sometimes be tortured and yet be unable to speak the word he most desires to utter. Spies have been captured and have gone to their death in silence not because they have not been eager to betray their comrades, but because under the stress and excitement of the situation they have totally forgotten the information they would convey. A celebrated case of this kind was made the subject of a play produced in London some years ago, called "A Question of Memory."

No doubt every reader will be able to recall instances in which he has suffered from this "word forgetfulness." One can often remember the initial letter of the word, but not the word itself. It is still on the tip of the tongue, even after one has given up the struggle to recollect it.

Actors sometimes forget a word or two in their parts that no effort of their own can give back to them at the moment. But the wings reached and the strain removed they are again immediately word perfect and at a loss to explain their forgetfulness. A whole part is sometimes forgotten. This usually happens after a very long run. During the run of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Mrs. Patrick Campbell one night found herself on the stage as innocent of any knowledge of her part as any member of the audience. She made desperate efforts to "find herself," but it was no good. That performance she had to read the part through from beginning to end.

Names of people are the words that slip our memories most frequently. We see a face we know, and yet we cannot fit a name to it. We are shaken by the hand or slapped on the back, and all the while we are hard at work trying to think of the name of the person who is doing it. Kings are credited with royal memories, and it is rare to find a sovereign who has not a wonderful memory for faces. But he usually has some one at his elbow who can jog his memory for names.

It is not always safe to fish for a name wanted. When Ellen Terry and Henry Irving were in America one year, they met a gentleman who, they knew, had reason to expect that they could remember his name. But this they failed to do. So Miss Terry approached him and said: "Sir Henry and I cannot agree as to the exact spelling of your name. Will you please put us right?" "Certainly," was the reply. "It is J-o-n-e-s!"

Aphasia is divided by those who have studied the subject into "word blindness" and "word deafness." A man who is "word blind" may be able to pronounce the name of letters, but cannot understand the meanings of the words they form. A man who is "word deaf" can understand ordinary sounds and music, but cannot understand spoken words. His speech is often mere senseless jargon.

But the passing forgetfulness of a word has little to do with these more serious forms of the complaint. We swallow words under the influence of excitement or more often of fatigue. People getting better from a serious illness are tormented by the loss of common words. This is particularly the case after influenza. One of our leading statesmen after an attack of this malady suddenly lost the thread of his speech in the midst of a public discourse.

"Word forgetfulness" is, however, mainly the result of careless observation or of want of training. What we never knew well we very easily forget. An experienced police detective never forgets a face or name.—Pearson's.

A Mint Julep Tragedy.

A northern man stopped at the home of an Alabama planter of the old school and was cordially invited to "Light, sah, and be welcome."

He "lit" and was forthwith invited to take a toddy, in accord with the Alabama rules of hospitality.

"Why," he said, "I saw a nice bed of mint back there. Suppose I get some of it and make a mint julep instead of a toddy."

"A what, sah?" said the planter.

"A mint julep. Haven't you ever tried them?"

"No, sah, nevah; but I'm willing, sah."

They did try the fascinating beverage, not once, but many times, and the northern man went away next day with reluctance.

Two years later his business took him there again. At the gate he was met by the old colored butler, on whose hat, as he doffed it, was seen a band of grape.

"Where's your master, sir?" he inquired of the old dandy.

"He's dead, sah; died yestiddy."

"Dead! I'm shocked. What was the cause?"

"Why, sah, 'bout two years ago one o' dem Yankee cum down heah and showed ole marse how to drink weeds in his red likker, and he never stopped twell he died fum it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Cheap Meals In London.

"Speaking of cheap restaurants," said a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to London to a Washington Star writer, "reminds me of a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for a halfpenny, or 1 cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a halfpenny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of 12 and 2 the poor and hungry from all parts of the east end of the city flock to the dining room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny toy men, costermongers and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner."

A Crank on Clothes.

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, was always careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionable cut suit. To the chagrin of the household Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it.

"It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?"

And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I preferred to be measured so."

Not to Blame.

"Della, this is no way! The dirt in this room must have been here a month."

"Then blame the girl before me, ma'am. I've only been here three weeks."—Exchange.

Even Rats Have Their Uses.

Life's monotones are a blessing, and not in disguise, for they contribute directly to longevity, health and happiness. The long lived man is not the adventurer, the explorer, the plunger, the man who has worries, but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with as little friction as possible, forms easy going habits, sticks to them and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy because he has peace of mind and regularity of life; he is happy because he is healthy and in a good, smooth, comfortable rut, which he prefers to the macadam on the sides of the road. Goldsmith's pastor, who had spiritual charge of the deserted village, who ne'er had changed nor wished to change his place, is an excellent example of the man who makes the most possible out of the monotones of life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why the Mole Is Blind.

The creatures which dwell in the darkness of the depths naturally lost their powers of vision after awhile. It is the same way with the mole, which is doubtless descended from progenitors which could see. Blindness in the mole is the result of a degeneration of the optic nerve, the consequence of which is that images formed in the eye itself are not transmitted to the animal's consciousness. Occasionally a mole can see a little out of one eye which has retained its communication with the brain.

It is not that the mole is born blind, but that it inherits a tendency to atrophy of the visual organs just as people derive from their parents an inclination to consumption or other diseases. Some day in the future there may be no such thing as a mole that is not entirely and hopelessly blind.

Heads Much Alike.

Most expert cranologists insist that it is extremely difficult to determine sex from the skull, but admit there are a few distinctions which taken together indicate sex. Perhaps the most marked distinction is the prominence of the bony projection over the nose. The skull in man is thicker and stronger, and the mastoid processes beneath the ear are larger. Broca is authority for the opinion that if the skull rests on the mastoid processes it is almost certainly a man's. In woman the top of the head appears flatter, while in man the curve from forehead backward is more smooth and even. Greek sculptors always recognize this.—Health Culture.

A Kick From Mexico.

Tourists come here and shout to waiters, hotel clerks, shopkeepers, etc., believing that if you only yell forth your English it instantly becomes comprehensible. And a common error in breeding and one not confined to tourist foreigners is to make unpleasant remarks about men, women and things in a tone of voice which conveys at once to the natives that something disagreeable is being said. So we acquire not without reason the reputation of being may grocers, or very rude, and too often we are.—Mexican Herald.

Cries of Animals.

The roar of a lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the cry of a hyena, and then the hoot of the owl. After these the panther and the jackal. The donkey can be heard 50 times farther than the horse and the cat ten times farther than the dog. Strange as it may seem, the cry of a hare can be heard farther than that of either the cat or the dog.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Summer is over.
Wedding Wednesday.
September 4th is Pension Day.
Don't forget the Woodmen's ball this evening.

E. Reudey received his first pension payment last week.

Mr. R. K. Patchell is having his fine residence repainted inside and out.

The Fuller Company has its asphalt-tum road to the wharf about completed.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Kauffman celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday.

Mr. S. D. Trask has removed from the Company cottage to one of the Bennett flats.

Those who have not made sewer connections on sewered streets should do so at once.

Wm. Hoppe is building a blacksmith shop near the Indergand house on San Bruno avenue.

Mr. J. L. Wood is engaged upon general repairs on the residence of Superintendent Patchell.

The show billed to appear on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week ingloriously failed to materialize.

Rube Smith had a collision with a ram at the stock yards last week in which Rube came out second best.

Mr. W. F. Bailey has finished painting the new house recently built by Miss McGrath on San Bruno avenue.

Mr. Frank Miner has a contract to repair the bulkhead at the water front for the Land and Improvement Company.

Mrs. V. Wagner of the Sierra Point House, has returned from one of the San Francisco hospitals improved in health.

The W. P. Fuller Company has a force of men employed in macadamizing the driveway from the factory buildings to the wharf.

Mr. Joseph Kennel of San Bruno road was in town Tuesday to complain against the dumping of San Francisco garbage near his ranch.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

The Steiger Pottery Co. has put in a stone bulkhead at its water front and is filling in a portion of the land purchased from the Land and Improvement Company.

The Land and Improvement Company will, at an early date, commence sinking another well in rear of the old Lux residence. This will be the fourth well put down by the Company.

Mr. Dyer, in charge of one of the kilns at the Steiger pottery, has rented the Rehberg cottage on Linden avenue.

Mr. Dyer came to this place with his family recently from Lincoln, Cal.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

In these feverish times of strike excitement the first duty of all is to keep their heads cool and judgment clear. Avoid all contention and bickering and await the final issue with patience and confidence in the ultimate result.

The report that one of Fuller Company's employees was killed by railroad train on Monday morning in San Francisco, was an error. The man run over and killed was an employee of the Ringling circus.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

After nine years' continuous service as engineer at the Land and Improvement Company's pumping works, owing to ill health, Mr. John Schirck has retired from the company's employment. Mr. E. N. Brown succeeds Mr. Schirck as engineer.

About five months ago Mr. George Young and his eldest son Charles returned to this place after an absence of over two years in England. On Saturday last Mr. George Young's three daughters arrived here from England and joined their father and brother.

Accompanying the Misses Young was Miss Alice Maud Butler who, on Wednesday, became Mrs. Charles Young. On their way the young ladies spent some ten days visiting friends in New York. The Youngs will be cordially welcomed back by our people. Their previous residence here gained for them the respect and esteem of this entire community.

On Saturday of last week there was commotion and excitement on Grand avenue for the space of five minutes. The team attached to the big sprinkling wagon driven by Mr. C. Broner took fright at corner of Grand and Linden avenues and plunged across Grand avenue, throwing Mr. Broner with violence, and very nearly running into the postoffice building, went dashing down Grand avenue, the water from the sprinkling tank flying in every direction. Fortunately the team was stopped before any serious damage was done to either team, wagon or the multitude who throng Grand avenue at the hour in question. Mr. Broner also escaped without serious harm.

GRAND BALL.
The third annual ball of Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, will be given this evening at Butcher's Hall. Refreshments will be served at the hall. Admission 50 cents. Ladies free.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

Whooping cough is quite prevalent in the burg.

Robert Dunphy resumed his studies at Berkeley Monday.

Miss Hattie Currier of the city is enjoying a visit with Miss Frances Soule.

The Colleta cottage here was sold during the week to Manuel Brown of Sausalito.

Mrs. Fred Getliffe has returned from a six weeks' outing, spent principally in the Sequoia Park country.

The Railroad Company has a force of fifty men ballasting the road bed and raising the track between here and San Bruno.

A. H. German and family leave for their old home in Akron, Ohio, next week. They will make that city their future home.

It is reported that the Mangini Bros., proprietors of the Sixteen Mile House, have dissolved partnership, Angelo Mangini retiring.

Charley Peterson, the well known oyster man, is up at Etna Springs, endeavoring to shake off a severe attack of rheumatism.

Harry Babcock and wife will shortly close their cottage here and move into an elegant new home they have built in the Western addition of San Francisco. —Leader, San Mateo.

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS ON RACING AT TANFORAN.

On his return from the East recently Thomas H. Williams, President of the California Jockey Club, has this to say of next season's racing:

"With both tracks under control of the New California Jockey Club we shall be able to give better racing and better sport this year than ever before in the history of California. There will be about 150 days' racing next season, as against from 175 to 180 days when both tracks were running. We shall 'hang up' more money this year in stakes and purses than ever before, and already we have announced \$56,000 in stakes. The Futurity advertised for next spring has \$8500 added money, as much as the big Eastern Futurity event, with entrance fees half as much as that classic.

"Of course it is early yet to say what will be the program concerning the operation of the two tracks. That is a matter which will not be taken up for six or seven weeks, as the season does not open until November 2. In a general way I can say that the season will probably be opened at Tanforan and it is also likely we shall race either three weeks or thirty days alternately at the two tracks. Before it was two weeks at each track, which made frequent shipment of horses necessary. We shall try to avoid that as much as possible now that both tracks are under one management. —Leader, San Mateo.

WEDDING BELLS.

Grace Mission was the scene of a very pleasant event in the history of our little town on Wednesday, August 28th. At 11 o'clock a. m. on that happy and auspicious day Charles Young of this place was in wedlock to Miss Alice Maud Butler, recently of England.

The happy pair joined hands and were united for life according to the beautiful and sacred ceremony of the Episcopal church, the Rev. J. C. Turner officiating. The bridesmaids were the Misses Jennie, Margaret and Phyllis Young, sisters of the bridegroom, the best man was our genial townsman, Mr. Robert Button. Superintendent Robert K. Patchell gave the bride away, whilst Mrs. G. R. Sneath of Jersey Farm presided at the organ and rendered the wedding music charmingly and faultlessly. A large number of our citizens graced the occasion by their presence. Mr. Charles Young, the groom, is well known here, where he has always been held in the highest esteem. The charming bride came 7000 miles across sea and land to wed the man she loved and to whom she plighted her troth seven years ago. The happy pair have gone for a brief honeymoon, but upon their return will at once commence housekeeping at one of the Clawson cottages on Baden avenue.

THE SAFE ROBBER SAFE IN REDWOOD CITY JAIL.

Harry Hammel, who robbed the San Mateo postoffice recently, is under lock and key in the Redwood City jail. The burglar has been identified by Postmaster Byrnes and Assistant Postmaster Weller, who had a face to face encounter with him on the morning of the San Mateo robbery. Hammel is an ex-convict, discharged from Folsom prison on May 13th, after having served five years for a burglary committed at Los Angeles. Hammel is credited with the following robberies, viz: On August 1st he succeeded in blowing open the safe and robbing the Menlo Park postoffice of \$243 cash and \$198 in postage stamps. Later he cracked the safe of the Antioch Lumber Co. at Antioch and got \$400. On August 11th he blew open the safe in the San Mateo postoffice and obtained \$150. On July 19th he attempted to blow open the railroad safe at San Mateo and failed.

On Sunday night last he cracked the safe of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson at Sacramento and secured \$226.

Hammel was arrested in Sacramento by Detective Fisher of that city. Sheriff Mansfield went to Sacramento and brought Hammel back on Tuesday.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

DEATH OF STEPHEN BILDHAUER.

On Wednesday death entered another household in our town and claimed the head of the family. After an illness of some three months Mr. Stephen Bildbauer departed this life on Wednesday morning, August 28, 1901, aged 54 years and 9 days. The chief cause of death was valvular disease of the heart. Mr. Bildbauer was a native of Austria. He came with his family to this place some three years ago and took employment with the Western Meat Company. About two years since he purchased the house and lot formerly belonging to John Kennedy and made it his home. He was a man of frugal and industrious habits, a homelover and a good husband, father and citizen. He leaves a widow and several children to mourn his loss. The funeral was held at the family residence on Friday and the body laid at rest in Holy Cross Cemetery.

A PROPERTY TRANSFER.

Leroy Hough has sold a block of ground in El Cerrito Park to I. Furman, a San Francisco capitalist, who with his family spent the summer at Hotel Mateo. The lot adjoins the premises of Phil M. Roedel, and it is Mr. Furman's intention to erect a handsome home thereon in the near future. Thus it is that another family who intended simply to reside here temporarily during the summer season have become enamored of our delightful city and decided to make it their permanent home. —San Mateo Leader.

PULLMANS TO RESIDE HERE.

W. Sanger Pullman, brother of Mrs. F. J. Carolan, who has been residing at the Hopkins place at Redwood City, has taken a lease of Mrs. S. Lawrence's residence and grounds at the easterly terminus of Third avenue, and will shortly occupy the place. —Leader, San Mateo.

Moonlight Dance, at Sierra Point House (10 Mile House), San Bruno Road, will take place Saturday, August 31, 1901. Fine chicken supper will be served at 50 cents per head. All kinds of refreshments. Good floor, good music. Dancing all night. L. L. Smith, proprietor.

READ THIS NOTICE.

\$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of \$25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

In Days of Old.

"The old idea," said the lecturer, "was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"Yes," concluded one of his hearers, "and there were no painless dentists in those days either." —Detroit Free Press.

There are lots of people who will not take a dare to do anything except a dare to go to work. —Aitchison Globe.

Japan is the largest consumer of rice in the world, the average being 300 pounds a person a year. The Americans use but four pounds per capita.

It has been estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 deer feed in the forests of Scotland and that 4,000 stags are killed annually.

Peasant Costumes in Ireland.

A certain number of peasants in the wilder and remoter districts of Ireland still wear something like a national costume. About Lough Mask plenty of the tresses are to be seen in picturesque red petticoats that artists loved to bring into their sketches of Irish life. A sprinkling of the old high hats may be seen. The older fishermen wear them, but the younger school shun such antiquated headgear, as the English peasant of today does the smock frock. —London Express.

Trees Older Than the Pyramids.

A wonder of longevity is the so called dragon's blood tree of Tenerife. Roslin obtained from this tree has been found in sepulchres, where it had been used for embalming the dead. Trees of this species are now standing which are estimated as being older than the Egyptian pyramids.

Never praise a woman's cake unless you are prepared to eat every slice on the plate. —Aitchison Globe.

The path of glory leads but to the grave, but it is the most pleasant route. —Portland Oregonian.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable native steers strong and in demand. Others lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8@8.75; 2d quality, 7.75@7.95; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6.75@6.95; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6.25@6.45; thin Cows, 4.75@5.00.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6.75@6.95; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5.75@6.00; rough heavy hogs, 4.75@5.00.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3.75@3.95; E. W. S. 3@3.45; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@2.75 per head; or 4.75@4.95 per live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5.00@5.25; over 250 lbs, 4.75@4.95.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6.75; second quality, 6.25; first quality cows and heifers, 5.75; second quality, 5.25; third quality, 4.75@5.00.

VEAL—Large, 7@8; small, good, 9@9.75; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 6.75@7.25; Ewes, 6@7c; Suckling Lambs, 7@8c.

CORNER HAMS—Hard, 9@9.50.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 10.50; Atlanta ham, 10.50; New York, shoulder, 10.50.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; L. med. bacon, clear, 12.50; clear light, 13.50; clear ex. light, 14.50.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11.50; do, Bellies, 11.50; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.50; hf-bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows: Tcs, 1/2-bbls, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 7 3/4 8 8 3/4 8 3/4 8 3/4 Cal pure 11 11 1/4 11 1/4 11 1/4 11 1/4 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—
Ward, Sweeney & Co.
(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,
309 and 311 THIRD STREET,
Telephone—Red 1712. San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Pymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

BEAVER BRAND SHOES

First-Class Stock

BOOTS and SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of this

A SONG.

In the fairland of sleep,
Where the crooning streams
Shine in many a wavy sweep
Round the hill of dreams,
Comes the world to wander when
Night unlocks the gate to men.

They that sorrow, they that go
Softly in their mirth,
As the light is wearing low
Weary of the earth,
And, like children hand in hand,
Enter into fairyland.

All the phantoms of the day
Vanish with the sun,
Swift as smoke that melts away
When the flame is done;
In their stead in gay attire,
Shine the shapes of heart's desire.

Banished and forlorn, I dwell
By the outer towers,
Listening to the passing bell
Of the dying hours,
All the night long while I keep
Vigil by the gates of sleep.

—Literature.

DETECTED BY A BOW

I 'd give a year's salary to lay hands on the impudent rogues."

The chief constable of Walburn was speaking to one of his subordinates, Inspector Miller.

"So would I, sir," responded that official, "and I don't believe there's a member of the force who wouldn't give a trifle to scrape an acquaintance with this Flash Jim—or whatever the fellow's name is. However, we have nothing to work upon."

"But these," put in the chief, displaying a number of coins. "Really, Miller, this fellow is an artist. These coins are as near the real thing as it is possible to make them, and I've not the slightest doubt that I should have accepted them myself if they had been tendered to me."

"Very possible, sir," went on Miller. "Mr. Markham, landlord of the White Horse, is as smart as most men, but he was bitten."

At that moment the magistrates entered the courthouse.

There was only one item on the charge sheet that morning, and the prisoner pleaded guilty to having been drunk and disorderly.

"Ten shillings and costs, or fourteen days," said the chairman, as soon as the constable had given his evidence.

A gentleman in clerical attire here stepped forward and explained, with a pronounced lisp, that he was the curate of St. Olave's, Westheath.

The prisoner, who was formerly one of his parishioners, had hitherto borne a blameless character, and to give him another chance in life, he (the curate) would pay the fine.

Half an hour later Inspector Miller hurried to the chief's room. In his excitement he forgot the respect due to his superior, and rapped out something very much like an oath.

"I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the inspector, "but—that is—the curate."

"Well?"

"He's slipped through our fingers, sir; can't be found anywhere."

"What on earth do you want him for?" demanded the chief.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I forgot. He paid the fine this morning in court."

"I know that, man. Is that a crime, or are you?"

"Well, here's the money, sir," blurted out the inspector, throwing down a number of coins on the table.

For some minutes neither of them spoke. The very audacity of the thing had taken their breaths away.

Suddenly Miller jumped to his feet. He had a vague notion that he had seen that curate before.

"Can I have a fortnight's leave, sir, and permission to take what I want from the police museum?" he asked.

"Take what you like, Miller, but for goodness sake let us have the last laugh on our side!"

"The police! Bah! They ain't worth tuppence a dozen."

Silas Markham, landlord of the White Horse and owner of another half dozen licensed houses in Walburn, folded his arms over his broad chest and gave utterance to the above contemptuous remark.

"They don't possess the wits they were born with," he went on. "Why, poor Drinking Dan there would give the best of 'em points and a beating."

The individual referred to was leaning unsteadily against a pillar. He was a well-known character, was Dan. For a year or more he had been missing from his accustomed haunts—rumor said he had passed the time in jail—and it was only the other day that he turned up and claimed his corner in the bar of the White Horse.

About 8 o'clock in the following afternoon Dan staggered into the bar, a trifle more intoxicated than usual. The landlord, however, who was the sole occupant when Dan entered, served him with the usual "twopenn'-orth."

The customer placed a half-crown piece on the counter, which the landlord—after giving the change—threw toward the till. It fell on the floor, and something in its sound roused Markham's suspicions.

Picking up the coin he examined it closely, while Dan began to shuffle toward the door. Too late, however; Markham sprang over the counter, seized the other by the collar and dragged him into a private room.

"Where did you get that coin?" he hissed.

"Lemme go," pleaded Dan, huskily.

"Where did you get it?" repeated the other.

"A gint give it to me," stammered Dan, "and—"

"It's a lie," hissed Markham. "Come out with the truth."

"All right," responded Dan desperately. "Let go my throat, will yer? I made it."

"So you made it, did you? And where did you get the die?"

"Stole it," growled Dan. "It once belonged to a fellow you knew—Hutton, the colner."

"Hush, you crazy fool," hissed Markham. "Don't you know where you are?"

Stepping softly to the door, the landlord locked it, then, producing a bottle from the cupboard—was it the sight of that bottle that brought the triumphant gleam into Dan's eyes?—he poured out a couple of stiff glasses.

"Come, Dan, here's to your health," said Markham. "It won't do for us to quarrel. I wasn't aware you knew—him."

The White Horse was a money-making establishment, night and day. When "closing time" came around and the last shilling had rolled into the capacious till behind the counter of the bar, business was resumed in the vaults.

In the wee small hours of a November morning this particular branch of the business was in full swing, and profits were being literally coined.

Three or four ghostly figures flitted about in the semi-darkness. Silas Markham was engaged in earnest confab with his son—alias "Hutton, the Colner," alias "Flash Jim," alias our old friend the curate—at the far end of the cellar, while Drinking Dan was busily engaged, near the heavily bolted door, in the manufacture of spurious florins.

Suddenly the low, but distinct mew of a cat reached the ears of the alert Dan.

Before the others were even aware of his intention the supposed drunkard sprang forward, shot back the bolts, threw open the door, and faced around on the others with a revolver in each hand.

"Trapped, by heaven!" roared Markham—or, rather, Hutton Sr.—as a posse of police, with the other constable of Walburn at their head, rushed in.

"Tricked by a miserable gin-sodden drunkard," groaned the elder Hutton, as the handcuffs clicked on his wrists.

"You're wrong, my friend, if that's any consolation to you," said the individual referred to, stepping forward.

"Inspector Miller, at your service—one of the men you valued at 'tuppence a dozen."

Shortly after the gang had been convicted Inspector Miller was promoted. At a little supper, organized in honor of the event, he was asked where and how he picked up his clew.

"It was a slice of luck," he laughed. "Twelve years ago I was in the assize court at Westheath, when Hutton the younger was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude."

"I shall never forget the prisoner's jaunty appearance on that occasion. He never turned a hair, and when the judge passed sentence on him he received it with a low, sweeping bow that would have done infinite credit to a Parisian."

"He repeated the bow exactly when, as the curate, he put in an appearance at Walburn police court to pay the fine inflicted on a member of the gang."

"Drinking Dan—who is and has been for twelve months an inmate of the Walburn workhouse—had been a member of the Hutton gang years ago, and from him I obtained all that I wanted to insure admission to the vaults of the White Horse, and—well, you know the rest."—Elmira Telegram.

Faith Not Without Works.

One of the most popular as well as most energetic clergymen of the London East End is the Rev. Richard Free, who, to stimulate the spiritual courage of his flock, has published this advertisement in the *Topical Times*:

"If any West End church will pay us for our work, and allow the payment to go to our little church of St. Cuthbert, here in Millwall, we will give them a thorough spring cleaning."

"I have thirty men, women, boys and girls, who will scrub, sweep, dust and polish to their own hearts' content and that of their wealthier friends in the common faith, and will do it gladly for the sake of their little church."

"And I believe, with the experience I have acquired, I can now beeswax and polish a floor or varnish chairs with anybody, and my wife is at painting and decoration."

The Salt of the Earth.

Mrs. Brunot, the wife of the Indian commissioner, was full of good works. She did not despise dress, but she never followed varying fashions. The result was a quaintness which singled her out from most other women as completely as did her sweetness and charity.

One day, at the Church Missions House in New York, a young clergyman, who was at that time very little besides young, came and introduced himself to a devoted friend of Mrs. Brunot. This lady happened to know that Mrs. Brunot had been kind to him, so she began conversation by asking:

"You know Mrs. Felix Brunot, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "and doesn't she look as if she came out of the ark?"

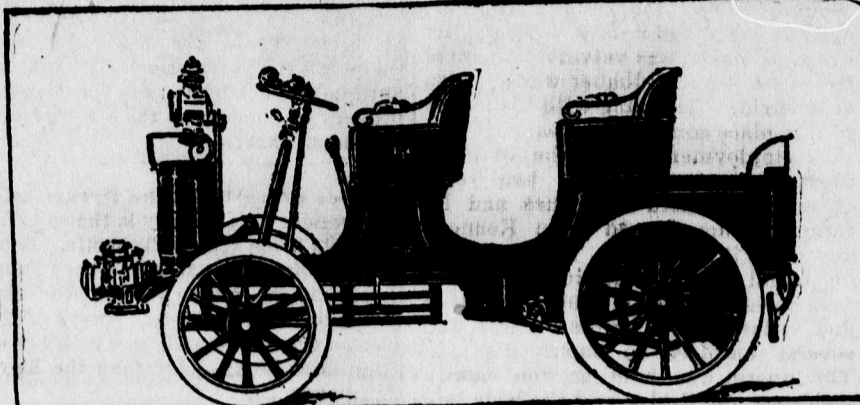
"Young man," replied the lady, sternly, "Mrs. Brunot is one of the very few people I know who would have been worthy to go into the ark."

Russian and Danish Butter.

Last year Russia exported to England butter to the value of about £1,000,000 sterling, while Denmark sold England £8,000,000 worth.

The average man believes he is justified in stealing an umbrella or a kiss whenever he has a chance.

KING EDWARD'S MAGNIFICENT NEW MOTOR.



King Edward's latest motor car is one of the finest vehicles of its kind yet built. Unlike most motor cars, it is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its appearance, and, though substantially built, it is comparatively light. It is a sort of motor phaeton, having seating accommodation for half a dozen persons, one beside the driver on the front seat, a couple on the middle seat, and a box for two footmen at the back. This is not by any means the first motor car the King has had made for him; for, like the King of the Belgians, his majesty takes a keen interest in horseless carriages, and has had two built for him previously. This latest motor car, however, will mark something of a new departure, for the King intends to take regular rides in it in Hyde Park.—*London Daily Express*.

THIS MILLIONAIRE HAS UNIQUE IDEAS.

Bloomington, Ill., has a unique millionaire. He is Abram Brokaw, 85, and his eccentricity and quaint, homely garb are familiar in Bloomington. He plods along with the same stolid movement of a half dozen decades ago, and is apparently going to reach the century mark. He walked into the County Treasurer's office the other day and laid down a check for \$15,000, which represented the payment on this year's taxes on his possessions in McLean County alone. He has extensive interests in other Central Illinois counties.

He is said to be the heaviest personal property owner in Illinois, as his wealth is tied up largely in real estate mortgages. With all his vast wealth he is



as unostentatious as a day laborer. He came to Bloomington in 1836 from New Jersey. He was without means, but opened a wagon shop. In 1843 he bought the land on which the People's Bank Block now stands for \$75 and a wagon. Twenty years later he sold one-half of this tract for \$25,000.

For a half century he worked at his trade of plow maker, and has rarely missed a day at the bench. Rigid economy with constant activity of mortgages has brought him a million or more. He has steadfastly refused to encourage any public enterprise, and has been deaf to all solicitations to contribute to the city's welfare. He prefers to live in a humble home, without servants, and in primitive simplicity. He is without children, and his wife is as old as himself and shares his eccentric and economical ideas.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A Hospital Doctor's Experience with an Out Patient.

There is an interval of silence; then a sudden peal as the accident bell is heard, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under her arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants; "but I'm that scared, I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir; and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to running like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but he says 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, an' me 'eart'—"

"Come now, missis, jus' tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of 4, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent; there seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother; "if yer 'ad any children of yer own, yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner, when Susan, that's 'er, says 'ow she loved God, and was goin' to 'eavin' when she doled. What? in tones of horror, 'ain't yer goin' to give 'er no medicine?'—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

ESSENTIALS OF AN ORATOR.

Senator Hoar Advises Latin or Greek Translations as Training.

In the opinion of Senator Hoar, the two most important things that a young man can do to make himself a good public speaker are:

1. Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English.

2. Practice in a good debating society.

It has been said that all the greatest parliamentary orators of England are either men whom Lord North saw, or men who saw Lord North—that is, men who were conspicuous as public speakers in Lord North's youth, his contemporaries and the men who saw him as an old man when they were young themselves, says the Senator in *Scribner's*. This would include Bolingbroke and would come down only to the year of Lord John Russell's birth. So we should have to add a few names, especially Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright and Palmerston. There is no great parliamentary orator in England since Gladstone died. I once a good many years ago looked at the biographies of the men who belonged to that period who were famous as great orators in the Parliament or in court, to find if I could the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Erskine and of John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek and frequented a good debating society in his youth.

Brougham trained himself for extemporaneous speaking in the Speculative Society, the greater theater of debate for the University of Edinburgh. He also improved his English style by translations from Greek, among which is his well-known version of the "Oration on the Crown."

Canning's attention while at Eton was strongly turned to extemporaneous speaking. They had a debating society, in which the Marquis of Wellesley and Charles, Earl Grey had been trained before him, in which they had all the forms of the House of Commons—speaker, treasury benches and an opposition. Canning also was disciplined by the habit of translation.

Primitive Agricultural Methods.

There is no market in Southern China for American harvesting machinery. The agricultural land is divided into small holdings, many of which are not over an acre in size, and very few run over ten acres. Every available inch of land is under cultivation, and the planting and reaping is all done by hand; where plows are used they are of home manufacture and are as primitive as those of Biblical times. The majority of the peasantry live at the rate of from two to five cents a day, and even if they could afford to purchase modern American farm machinery there would be no room to use it. The nearest thing to such machinery is a fanning mill, which is easily constructed by the ingenious Chinaman. The grain is either trod out of the straw by the water buffaloes or whirled over an open tub. Even if an entire village should combine to buy an American threshing machine, it would be used but once, as it would be considered too wasteful both in the way it mangles the straw and the grain and in its expensive upkeep. In Southern China there are no horses except the diminutive China pony, and, as the agricultural country is mostly flat, there is no way to utilize water power. As for steam, it is an impossibility, fuel being one of the most expensive Chinese luxuries.

His Scheme Paid.

An enterprising hotelkeeper hit on a clever scheme to increase the popularity of his house. He engaged a gentlemanly detective to stay at the hotel for the sole purpose of listening to the complaints of visitors. The visitors, of course, imagined he was a fellow guest. The detective would lead the conversation to the merits or demerits of the hotel, and if a man complained of his accommodations the complaint was soon reported to the landlord. If a guest complained that he liked to sleep late in the morning, and could not do it because he had a room with an eastern exposure, the detective would report it to the landlord. Later the landlord would say to the guest: "Do you like to sleep late in the morning? If so the sun in the room you now occupy must disturb you. I will give you a better room on the north side of the house." That made the guest a friend of the house for life. This detective found out what particular dishes the guests enjoyed, and all their hobbies and notions and likes and dislikes, and the landlord acted on this information. It paid so well that the house was always full.

It is a touching farewell when a man gives you the tip of his fingers instead of a vigorous handshake.

HEADGEAR FOR FALL

IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT SUMMER STANDARDS WILL PREVAIL.

Artist and Correspondent This Week Devote Most of Their Attention to Fashionable Hats, Though Cloaks and Gowns Are Briefly Spoken Of.

New York correspondence:



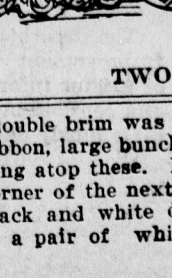
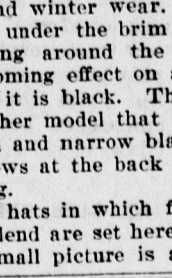
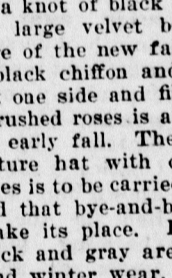
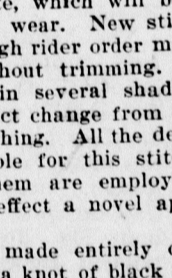
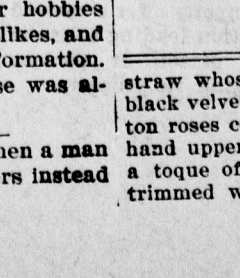
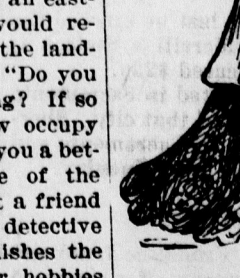
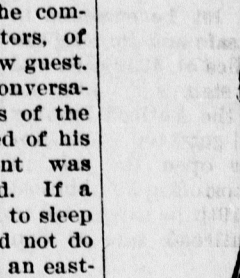
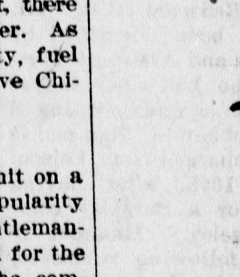
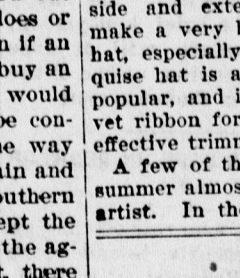
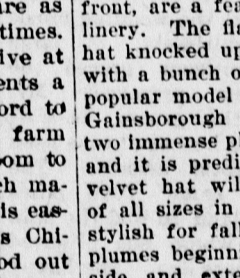
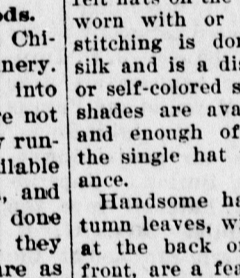
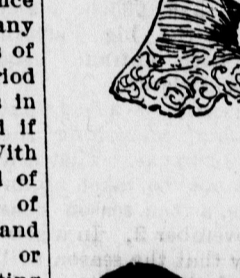
A few stores are given hints of the shifts in millinery that will come with the change to much cooler days. In many more establishments the reigning suggestion given by stock and salesfolk is that summer standards will prevail away up to late autumn.

A majority of all the fall hints are in out-ging headgear. Gray and fawn felt hats of the alpine and rounded sailor order will be very fashionable for general out-ging wear. They are trimmed with scarfing of vari-colored or plain silks, pompons, birds, breasts and coque feathers. The pompons are feathery or are shaped of little coque feathers with black or white beads sewed to the points. The white shades of brown in these pompons are very swaggy and look well on either grays or tans. The untrimmed alpine is

seen at the right of this, and the central hat was black fancy straw, with black velvet, three black plumes and one white plume for trimmings. Flowers and green leaves will not lose popularity for fall trimming, and black and red cherries will be used a deal on the soft horse hair straws.

It is hinted pretty strongly even at this early day that the swaggy thing in wraps is to be on the long coat order. Very elaborate ones are seen already. Some are modifications of the automobile and the raglan, but in most cases and in the more stylish models the severe plainness of the garment's original is trimmed almost out of sight. At the right in the next picture is a handsome coat of tan taffeta. It was applied with brown silk and finished with biscuit chiffon ruffling. The other pictured coat was biscuit tulle, with front pieces of white silk embroidered in silver. Raglan-like coats for traveling or general wear will be of plain cloth, the seams either stitched or banded with folds of the goods. A lace collar may be added if it is desired.

In millinery, wraps and gowns delicate shades make an impressive showing. Here and there bright red is seen, but delicate colors are used a great deal. A noticeable feature is the medley of tints in a new pink. It is very rich and striking without being offensively conspicuous. It is seen in the latest millinery and is used effectively when velvet of this shade is employed as a band around the crown with loops and a knot at the



Across the picture is a white tulle hat trimmed with pink crush roses, and below the first is one of the green leaf toques topped by a spreading black velvet bow. A toque of black horsehair straw is seen at the right of this, and the central hat was black fancy straw, with black velvet, three black plumes and one white plume for trimmings. Flowers and green leaves will not lose popularity for fall trimming, and black and red cherries will be used a deal on the soft horse hair straws.

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again seen and will be worn mainly for golfing and wheeling. Many hats are trimmed with white, which will be useful for early fall wear. New stitched felt hats on the rough rider order may be worn with or without trimming. The worst with is done in several shades of silk and is a distinct change from white or self-colored stitching. All the delicate shades are available for this stitching, and enough of them are employed in the single hat to effect a novel appearance.

Handsome hats made entirely of autumn leaves, with a knot of black velvet at the back or a large velvet bow in front, are a feature of the new fall millinery. The flat black chiffon and tulle hat knocked out at one side and filled in with a bunch of crushed roses is another popular model for early fall. The large Gainsborough picture hat with one or two immense plumes is to be carried over, and it is predicted that bye-and-bye the velvet hat will take its place. Plumes of all sizes in black and gray are to be stylish for fall and winter wear. Long plumes beginning under the brim at one side and extending around the crown make a very becoming effect on a large hat, especially if it is black. The large hat is another model that will be popular, and inch and narrow black velvet ribbon for bows at the back will be effective trimming.

A few of these hats in which fall and summer almost blend are set here by the artist. In the small picture is a white

back on a black lace or Neapolitan straw hat. Another shade that seems to have come around again is the copper tint. A gown of it holds the middle of the including picture. Veiling was the material, black taffeta folds and green velvet tabs trimming it. This copper tint is very acceptable addition to the list, available colors, but it is not becoming everyone.

FASHION NOTES.

A new fancy of fashion is silk pe coats in surah to harmonize with the ing of the gown.

White silk roses with black velvet leaves make a chic trimming on a white straw hat faced with black.

Light blue is the favorite of all colors for the moment, but white and pale yellow are even smarter.

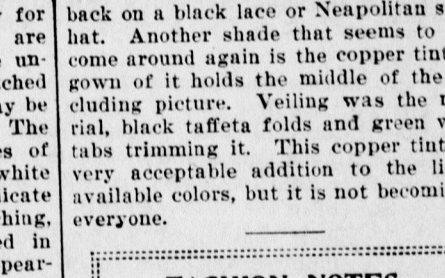
Distinguished by perpendicular lines of open work, like drawn work, with dainty, interwoven design, is a China silk.

The elaboration of handwork is shown in the blouse of the moment. All the garments of this description, however simple, shows a great deal of handiwork that renders them particularly attractive.

Lace, it is safe to say, is on every gown in one form or another, generally

straw whose double brim was filled with black velvet ribbon, large bunches of button roses coming atop the next picture is hand upper corner of the next picture is a toque of black and white draped net trimmed with a pair of white wings.

In several varieties. Coarses guil mixed with black Chantilly are the fite ornamentation for the black and toulard, while tambour work and embroideries prevail for aulinas, lines, batistes and linens.



Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefits of your valuable remedy. Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.



\$5000 will be paid if this testimony is true.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Lets Him Out.

Mrs. Nagger—Oh, James, how awkward! Mr. Smith has come, and now we shall be 12 at table.

Mr. Nagger—What then?

Mrs. Nagger (with a shriek)—Why, one of us will die before the year is out!

Mr. Nagger (brutally)—Never mind.

I'm tough.—Pick-Me-Up.

Just In Time.

An Irish gentleman getting upon a street car found one place vacant, which he proceeded to occupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time."

"How is that?"

"Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car!"—Exchange.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. & T. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

NOTES. Union is silk peonize with the black velvet lining on a white background. All the description, how to deal of handwork is shown. All the design, is on another, general

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What We Most Remember.

Memory is for the most part "a trivial fond record" of the affairs of everyday life, and our intense desire not to lose the remembrance of these unimportant everyday matters is one of the greatest testimonies to the predominance of happiness over unhappiness in the world. Do we not feel sorry for our hearts for any one who has lost such an infinitely precious possession without even wondering whether or no there was anything in their past lives worth recollecting? After all, how few are the hours which any of us would blot out of our lives! Those perhaps during which we have witnessed or suffered acute physical or mental pain, the moment when we engendered the worm of remorse which dieth not or those few minutes of humiliation which, whether we trace them to fault or fate, remain in our minds to "vex us like a thing that is raw." But how small is the part we would have taken away compared to the part we would retain!—London Spectator.

An Execution In China.

The poor wretches were made to dig a large square pit, and one by one they were made kneel at the edge with their hands tied behind their backs. A Japanese officer stepped forward and with the ordinary service sword drew it back and forward over the poor wretch's neck, and then with a swift blow it descended, cutting off the head.

The next one was as successful, and then came a terrible spectacle. The Japanese officer, after wiping his sword, drew the back to and fro over the poor wretch's neck three or four times before he struck the fatal blow. Down came the blade on the apex of the skull, cutting about two inches into the neck.

The poor wretch fell into the pit, the Japanese officer climbing down and sawing away at the neck until the head was severed. The heads were immediately carried over to the main road and strung up on poles as an object lesson to the large number of Chinese who were congregated around with blanched faces.—Canadian Magazine.

Recipes For Happiness.

Happiness is not to be procured like hard bake in a solid lump. It is composed of innumerable small items. The recipes for its acquisition are simple, and therefore we ignore them. Love in marriage, fidelity in friendship, affection between parent and children, courtesy in intercourse, devotion to duty and perfect sincerity in every relation of life—these are the ingredients of a happy life. In the quest for happiness one could not do better than put into practice the precepts of the great Persian: "Taking the first step with the good thought, the second step with the good word and the third step with the good deed, I entered paradise."—Sarah Grand.

The Karroo Bush of South Africa.

The karroo bush provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching under ground to a depth of many feet. At the end of a ten months' drought, when the earth is baked brick-dust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stalk of a karroo bush three inches high you will find running down the center a tiny thread of pale, green tinted tissue still alive with sap.—Fortnightly Review.

Misinformation.

Little Mabel—Papa, does our family own a planet?

Papa—What nonsense, child! Who put that idea into your head?

Little Mabel—Why, I asked the teacher last night what big star it was above us, and she said it wasn't a star, but a planet, and that it was Ma's.—Town and Country.

A SKETCH.

A builder's yard, a ship upon the ways, The cheering of a crowd: "She moves! She's off!" And with a sudden ruck and splash the great ship leaped from the wharf.

A storm swept, foam tossed sea, a howling gale, A ship half lost in foam, a rag of sail, The tolling of a bell, now lost, now clear—"The shore! The shore!" She strikes in crashing waves to disappear.

A summer's eve, a calm and wailing tide, A dismal stretch of sand that tries to hide The bones of some great vessel, now low down, Outlined against the sunset's last faint glow.

—Julian Hickey in Outlook.

It Wasn't Necessary.

"What are you doing, Freddie?" said the painfully smart boy's uncle.

"Drawn pictures on my slate."

"What is this supposed to represent?"

"A locomotive."

"But why don't you draw the cars?"

"Why—er—the locomotive draws the cars."—Exchange.

The forests of North America in value and variety exceed those of any other continent.

Our Nation's Wealth.

Gold and silver are poured abundantly into the lap of the nation, but our material wealth and strength is rather in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours until it is disabled, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney disease.

Good Advice—"I'm thinking of doing a little speculating," said the lamb. "What's the best thing to put your money in?" "A safe deposit vault," replied the old bird.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, purify the blood. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Dr. H. Lebrun, sent to the Pacific Coast on a scientific mission by the Belgian government, has favored the Van der Naillen Engineering School of San Francisco by a visit and, on leaving, expressed the opinion that in all his travels he had seldom found an institution which prepared so practically and thoroughly its graduates for immediate success in life.

That Cough needs **Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.**

SOFT, GLOSSY HAIR.

It Can Only Be Had Where There Is No Dandruff.

Any man or woman who wants soft glossy hair must be free of dandruff, which causes falling hair. Since it has become known that dandruff is a germ disease, the old hair preparations that were mostly scalp irritants, have been abandoned, and the public, barbers and doctors included, have taken to using Newbro's Herpicide, the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ. E. Dodd, Dickinson, N. D., says: "Herpicide not only cleanses the scalp from dandruff and prevents the hair's falling out, but promotes a new growth. Herpicide keeps my hair very glossy."

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Stops the Cough

and Works Off the Cold. **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm guaranteed for Croup.

On the Ground Floor—First Politician—Do you think we'd better take the public into our confidence? second politician—Oh, we'll take 'em in, all right!

A Singing Earthworm.

We have heard of a good many creatures which sing, including Mr. Ruskin's singing serpents in the valley of Diamonds, yet Mr. Annandale has assured us that there exists in the Malay peninsula a being which the Malays described under the above heading.

It lives in a burrow in the ground and cheerfully sings, or at least chirps. But the Malays call everything that creeps a worm, and the beast which they really mean is a large kind of cricket with a voice.

In the very same part of the world, however, is a real earthworm, a huge monster three or four feet in length, which was discovered not long ago and which really has a voice, or at least can produce a sound. The Latin name of musician has been given to it on that account.

When it is foraging about near the surface of the ground, the numerous sharp little bristles implanted in its skin, which enable it to hold on to the earth, strike against stones and give out a musical sound. This is rather more like twanging a "Jew's harp" than singing. But any sort of sound from these silent, gliding creatures is singing.—London Express.

His Only Request.

It happened once that a faithful Moslem married, but when he saw his wife she proved to be very unprepossessing. Some days after the marriage his wife said to him, "My dove, as you have many relatives, I wish you would let me know before whom I may unwell." "My gazelle," he replied, "if thou wilt only hide thy face from me I care not to whom thou showest it."

Artist's Zeal.

"An artistic girl," said the painting teacher, "is one who will pin blush roses upon a sky blue frock. An in-artistic girl is one who will wear blue ribbon with a pink frock. Some eyes might not see any difference between the two combinations, but there's all the difference in the world. One girl has no warrant for what she does. The other has all nature for her authority."

Stamped Them.

She stamped her feet in pretty rage. "Ha, ha!" sneered the heavy villain. "You'll have to pay excess postage on them. You had as well stamp them some more."

True, her feet were not the kind that made Cinderella famous, but was it real chivalry in him to say such things?—Baltimore American.

SUFFERED THREE YEARS. CATARRH OF STOMACH.

Miss Evelyn Morse writes from 651 Adams street, Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for nearly three years with catarrh of the stomach which no medicine seemed to relieve, until a friend advised me to try **Perrin's**. Although skeptical, I tried it, and found it helped me within the first week. I kept taking it for three months, and am pleased to say that it cured me entirely, and I have had no symptoms of its return. I am only too glad to recommend it."—Evelyn Morse.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free advice.

Got Grip? Try **Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.**

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of **Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

For Consumption try **Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.**

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm saves Doctor Bills.

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The Fisherman's Gamble With Death

In bad weather, the fisherman's wife said, when the boats were out, she could never stay in the house because of the clock. As it ticked she heard nothing but "Wife, widow; wife, widow," over and over again. And she said, 'tis but the swing of the bob which name should be the true one.—"Cynthia In the West."

A Breakfast Table Decision. "I understand that Jenkins took the thirty-third degree."

"Yes. His wife says it must not occur again."—Puck.

For pimples, sallow complexion, impure blood and poor digestion use **Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills**. They improve complexion and cure constipation. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

For Consumption try **Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.**

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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